



Life
Worth
Living

I'm speaking, of course, of anarchists—and when people ask me about my politics, I tell them: the best reason to be a revolutionary is that it is simply a better way to live. Their laws guarantee us the right to remain silent, the right to a public trial by a jury of our peers (though my peers wouldn't put me on trial—would yours?)—what about the right to live life like we won't get another chance, to have reasons to stay up all night in urgent conversation, to look back on every day without regret or bitterness? Such rights we can only claim for ourselves—and shouldn't these be our central concerns, not the minutiae of protocol and survival?

For those of us born into a captivity gilded by the blood and sweat of less fortunate captives, the challenge of leading a life worth living of stories worth telling is a lifelong project, and a formidable one; but all it takes, at any moment, to meet this challenge is to contest that captivity.

When we fight, we're fighting for our lives.



Would you like to pay by personal check, or credit card? Money order, cash up front, put it on lay-away, financing and no money down? Automatic withdrawals to pay off the bank loans, college loans, Visa and Mastercard debts, State and Federal taxes, rent and food and health "care," a thousand banalities that keep you running like a hamster in a wheel between the classroom and the sucky job and the marriage altar, the freeway and the office and the corporate golf course meeting? Death on the installment plan, or all at once like a stockbroker mid-life crisis suicide on the next Black Monday?



Or would you really like something else, something altogether different? Would you like not to pay at all, never to pay again for land and food and even water? 100% off, everything MUST go! Have you ever had a dream in which everything was free, and you could eat whatever you wanted and go wherever you wanted and do anything you wanted? Have you ever wanted to have enough of everything that you could share freely with everyone else, without worrying about spending your resources "efficiently" and "responsibly"? Ever wanted to quit being responsible for one moment and just do what your heart demands?

What "insurance" could you buy that would keep you safer than living in a world where people actually cared about each other?

Perhaps you should find yourself some like-minded friends, stop talking about how bad traffic was and start discussing *tactics*. Or swear to yourself that you will never, ever again do anything but chase your wildest dreams, every moment of your life. Or buy yourself a liter of gasoline and a bottle. It could be your last purchase ever.



Want to join
the
conversation?

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